CD.

Hannah Noyes —

Providence — Feb 72

THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN

or the

COMICAL METAMORPHOSES

A

Work *entirely calculated to excite* Laughter *in Grown Persons and promote* Morality, *in the Young Ones of both Sexes;*

Decorated with 34 Copper Plates curiously Drawn and elegantly Engraved

---

In Virtues Cause these Tales *we print,*
In Hopes that all will take the Hint;
Our Readers here shall smile not Frown
Hurra the World's turn'd upside down

BOSTON

Printed and Sold by JOHN D. M'DOUGALL and COMPANY two doors South of the Treasurer's Office.

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Series 8.1

INTRODUCTION.

TO *know* the WORLD by moſt is thought
The greateſt good we can be taught;
By ſtudying mankind's various ways,
With greater eaſe we paſs our days.

If ſnow ſhou'd cover o'er ſome pit,
A traveller may fall in it;
And into certain ruin run,
Which had he known he needs wou'd ſhun.
On life's odd ſtage 'tis juſt the ſame,
Some merit praiſe---too many blame;
By guarding 'gainſt ſuch wily elves,
We may avoid the pit ourſelves;

And yet, by wiſe men 'tis believ'd,
We all are chiefly ſelf-deceiv'd.
If *Fortune*, in a lucky mood,
Ordains us all things for our good;
Beſtows us grandeur, wealth and pow'r,
And bids her ſun ſhine ev'ry hour;
Inſtead of giving grateful thanks,
We play a thouſand fooliſh pranks;
Ambition, arrogance, and pride,
And cruelty, walk ſide by ſide;
From this proceed ſuch ſad diſaſters,
That oft' our ſlaves become our maſters.

The moral Tales, we here preſent,
Are wrote for uſe and merriment.

All ſtruggle thro' the world we muſt—
The man you ſee is acting juſt;
The other fools we muſt condemn,
They'd prop the world—the world won't then

Did wiſdom ev'ry reader crown,
THE WORLD wou'd not be UPSIDE DOWN.

A Man strug·ling throug^h the Globe

A Bird catching a truant Boy in a Net

TALE I.

A Bird catching a truant Boy.

'TWAS on a ſultry ſummer's day,
When hours for ſchool were done,
A girl and boy had leave to play,
And have ſome harmleſs fun:

A pretty maſter this was call'd,
And that a pretty lady;
They ne'er, like dunces, whoop'd or bawl'd,
But at their taſk were ready.

It chanc'd they in an arbor ſat,
Repeating tales they'ad read;
Each innocently pleas'd, with what
The other ſchool-mate ſaid.

Perhaps they talk'd of *London*'s *Cries*,
Or of the *Conjuror*'s art;
Two little books, which moſt that prize
Their learning, get by heart.

From ſly invaders who's ſecure?
A certain truant boy
Reſolv'd their paſtime, tho' ſo pure,
To fruſtrate and annoy;

So o'er the pales he made a ſpring,
To put them in a fret;
But lo! a *Bird* deſign'd the thing,
And caught them in a net.

The lad of miſchievous intent,
The tutor gave correction;
To thoſe by whom no harm was meant
He kindly gave protection.

MORAL.

Good manners learn not to diſgrace,
You'll find yourſelf to blame;
Since e'en a *Bird* your ſteps can trace,
And cauſe you ſmart and ſhame.

A Boy scourging his Father, and a Girl giving Pap to her Mother

TALE II.

A Boy ſcourging his Father, and the Daughter giving Pap to her Mother.

THE Boy the Father here corrects,
You deem this ſomewhat ſtrange,
But 'tis decreed, in all reſpects,
That every thing muſt change:

The Daughter gives the Mother food,
We blame her not for that;
For 'tis a taſk each child that's good,
Wou'd willingly be at.

You think, perhaps, this ſcene revers'd,
'Tis better ſo by half;
For all that's in this book rehears'd,
Is meant to make you laugh.

But let me tell you, by the bye,
This ſhou'd not be in faſhion;
That boy is wicked, but for why?
The want of education.

The father lik'd his child too well,
To let him go one week
To learn to write, to read and ſpell,
And caſt arithmetic.

What ſtrange infatuation this !
How indiſcreet the plan !
The boy, unthinking, it may pleaſe,
But 'twill undo the man.

The ſeeds of learning in the mind
Of infants ſhou'd be ſown ;
Then will the happy parents find
The harveſt all their own.

M O R A L.

Ye parents then, this fable mind ;
Each child ſhou'd ſchool purſue ;
Or elſe in riper years you'll find,
They'll ſhake the *rod* at you.

An Horse curry combing his Groom

TALE III.

An Horſe curry-combing his Groom.

" TEACH me to feel another's woe;
" To ſhun the faults I ſee;
" The mercy I to others ſhew,
" Such mercy ſhew to me."

Immortal Pope his thoughts expreſt,
In theſe immortal lines;
Where, philoſophically dreſt,
Senſe brightens and refines.

Had the ſame Groom but thought on this,
He'ad wav'd this ſad diſaſter;
And that ſame Horſe he us'd to dreſs,
Had not become his maſter.

Like ev'ry boy, that's bad at ſchool,
To learn he was unable;
No, nought would pleaſe the giddy fool,
But being in a ſtable:

A jockey he forſooth muſt be;
Yes, that was his delight;
With ſcrubs and hoſtlers to be free,
And ride from morn to night.

Still this perverſeneſs in the boy,
Continued in the man;
And cruelty was all his joy:
He knew no better plan.

So Providence, who ev'ry ſource
Of wickedneſs can tell,
Into a Groom transform'd an Horſe,
To curry-comb him well.

M O R A L.

Ye pretty children, learn from hence
All cruelty to ſhun;
It ſhews not only want of ſenſe,
But by it you're undone.

TALE IV.

The Hogs turned Butchers.

A CERTAIN farmer took delight
To breed and fatten ſwine;
He got a deal of money by't,
And Fortune ſeem'd to ſhine;

He got ſo rich, from low eſtate,
He quite forgot himſelf;
And many tricks would he be at,
To ſtill increaſe his pelf.

A thouſand ways the world to trim,
He at the market ſought;
And no one bought a hog of him,
But was full dearly bought.

To church he'd ſeldom walk or ride,
His god was only gain;
And puff'd with arrogance and pride,
Wou'd o'er his neighbours reign.

His tenants in diſtreſs he kept,
And if they cou'd not pay,
The hogs, the goods, and all were ſwept,
Without regret, away;

His hogs he'd ne'er to market bring,
Unleſs he found pork riſe;
He deem'd it as a cunning thing,
To get a monſtrous price.

This Heav'n with indignation hears,
And ſo to finiſh ſtrife,
Set three ſtout hogs about his ears,
To end his worthleſs life.

MORAL.

"Live and let live," 's a maxim good;
Succeſs from that is ſure:
And Heav'n decrees that all things ſhou'd
Be mod'rate for the poor.

TALE V.

Horſes turned Farriers.

A FARRIER many years ago,
In good Queen Beſs's reign,
Was pleas'd for any work to do,
And money to obtain.

Soon as the morning ſtreak'd the ſkies,
His hammering begun;
And 'till the moon was ſeen to riſe,
His labour ſcarce was done;

Such was his induſtry, they ſay,
Which ſome perhaps will doubt,
That in a twelvemonth and a day
One anvil was worn out.

But what of that? he'ad caſh enough
To purchaſe twenty more;
He dreaded not the world's rebuff,
For none could call him poor.

No horſe, no mare, no ſilly went
Long time without a ſhoe;
He'd ſickneſs baniſh or prevent,
Nay bleed and phyſic too.

But ſuddenly his trade fell off,
And well he might expect it;
For money made him laugh and ſcoff,
And totally neglect it:

So *Plutus* took his wealth again,
And got it ſo decreed,
That two ſtrong Horſes from the plain,
Shou'd *ſhoe* and make him *bleed.*

MORAL.

Learn all to mind the trade ye have,
Let buſineſs ſmile or frown;
Since, tho' the milk kind fortune gave,
This *Farrier* kick'd it down.

TALE VI.

The Ox turned Butcher.

A BUTCHER ſeems a barb'rous trade,
Yet butchers we muſt have;
They in great meaſure give their aid
To what our natures crave.

Tho' Providence, ſo wond'rous kind,
Beſtows us all ſhe can,
To fit her gifts for uſe, we find,
Was doom'd the taſk of man:

From hence the various changes 'roſe
To gratify our wiſh;
To deal in fowls ſome tradeſmen choſe,
And others meat and fiſh.

The ſturdy ox, that tills the ſoil,
Obedient to the yoke;
The lamb that licks the hand, the while
It feels the fatal ſtroke;

The ſimple calf, the ſheep ſo meek,
To innocency prone;
The very pigs that grunt and ſqueak,
For us their lives lay down.

But think, oh lordly man, that tho'
Theſe creatures are for thee,
Thy mercy to them thou ſhould'ſt ſhow,
Nor practice cruelty.

This butcher us'd to prick and hocks
Theſe beaſts thro' fun and whim;
For which, in length of time, an Ox
Was ſet to butcher him.

M O R A L.

Tho' barb'rous actions others do,
Take you a diff'rent way;
For Shakeſpeare ſays, "A cat will mew,
"A dog will have his day."

Horſes turned Jockeys

TALE VII.

The Horſes turned Jockies.

TWO noblemen of great eſtate,
In gaming took delight;
Succeſs had made them ſo elate,
They'd lay that *black* was *white*.

The cards, the dice, poſſeſs'd their mind,
From morn to night they'd ſit;
Nothing ſo clever cou'd they find,
As laying of a bet.

The verrieſt ſcoundrels on the earth
They'd play with to get money,
Unthinking of their noble birth,
And deem'd it wond'rous funny.

Newmarket then engroſs'd their thought,
And Epſom turf, ſo fam'd;
Nay, ev'ry running courſe they ſought,
But were at laſt aſham'd;

That's not aſham'd of what they'ad done,
Of that you may be ſure;
But as they'ad run their length of fun,
Aſham'd of being poor:

Their friendſhip was before as great
As brother's is to brother;
But now ſo alter'd was their ſtate,
They hated one another.

Fate ſaw their tricks, and ſo ordain'd
Each Horſe they us'd to ride,
And for their various pleaſures train'd,
Shou'd jockey down their pride.

M O R A L.

Beware of ev'ry man you ſee,
Deteſt all vicious courſes;
And then you'll never jockey'd be
By gameſters or by horſes.

Trellen and Chickens forcing a K

Fly away

TALE VIII.

The Hen and Chickens forcing a Kite to fly away; a Farmer at a ſmall Diſtance.

OH *Innocence!* all hail to thee!
Thy ſweet endearing pow'r
Protects us, from nativity,
Unto our mortal hour:

Immortal too, I ought to ſay;
For thou canſt never die,
But bidſt adieu! to ſhew the way
To manſions in the ſky.

The fierceſt beaſts, the fierceſt birds,
Are ſuppliant to thee;
Thy looks ſurpaſs the force of words,
And quell ferocity.

It chanc'd, as in a farmer's yard
An hen and chickens play'd,
The feather'd mother, on her guard,
The rav'nous kite ſurvey'd:

Aloft in air he hover'd round,
Before he made his dart;
For cruelty is always found
To have ſome fear at heart.

The farmer from his cot withdrew,
By accident to ſtray,
The kite full well his preſence knew,
And took his flight away.

M O R A L.

You, who in virtue fix your pride,
Whatever dangers brave you,
Keep *Innocence* ſtill on your ſide;---
Kind Providence will ſave you.

School Boys correcting their Master

TALE IX.

School Boys correcting their Maſter.

A CERTAIN man once kept a ſchool,
I think in Piccadilly,
Extremely fond of tyrant rule,
And acted mighty ſilly.

Of learning he'd ſufficient want,
About it yet he'd preach;
Tho' very near as ignorant
As thoſe he meant to teach.

Oft' wou'd he horſe and flog the boys,
With much too heavy hand,
Alike if any made a noiſe,
Or cou'd not underſtand:

And well they might---for Pope obſerves,
With no unjuſt pretence,
" That true no meaning often ſerves
To puzzle more than ſenſe."

It happen'd on a Chriſtmas time,
(For then they broke up yearly)
The boys thought freedom then no crime,
And threſh'd him moſt ſeverely.

The parents ſeeing this miſ-rule,
And finding no content,
Withdrew their children from the ſchool,
Worſe dunces than they went.

M O R A L.

Ye parents! take it not amiſs!
Mind what you ought to do;
For if a fool their maſter is,
Your ſons muſt be ſo too.

A Doll carrying a Child

TALE X.

A Doll carrying a Child.

HUZZA! the *Fair!* methinks you cry,
St. Barth'lomew's is come;
We'll *jig by jole* go by and bye,
There's trumpet, fiddle, drum:

Wild beaſts ſhall fill you with ſurprize;
Gay *Punch* ſhall make you merry;
Or raree-ſhow divert your eyes,
For all is *hey down derry.*

At various pretty *toys* we'll look;
Or laugh at Shuter's droll;
Buy Maſter *Jack* a golden book,
And *Miſs* ſhall have a *Doll.*

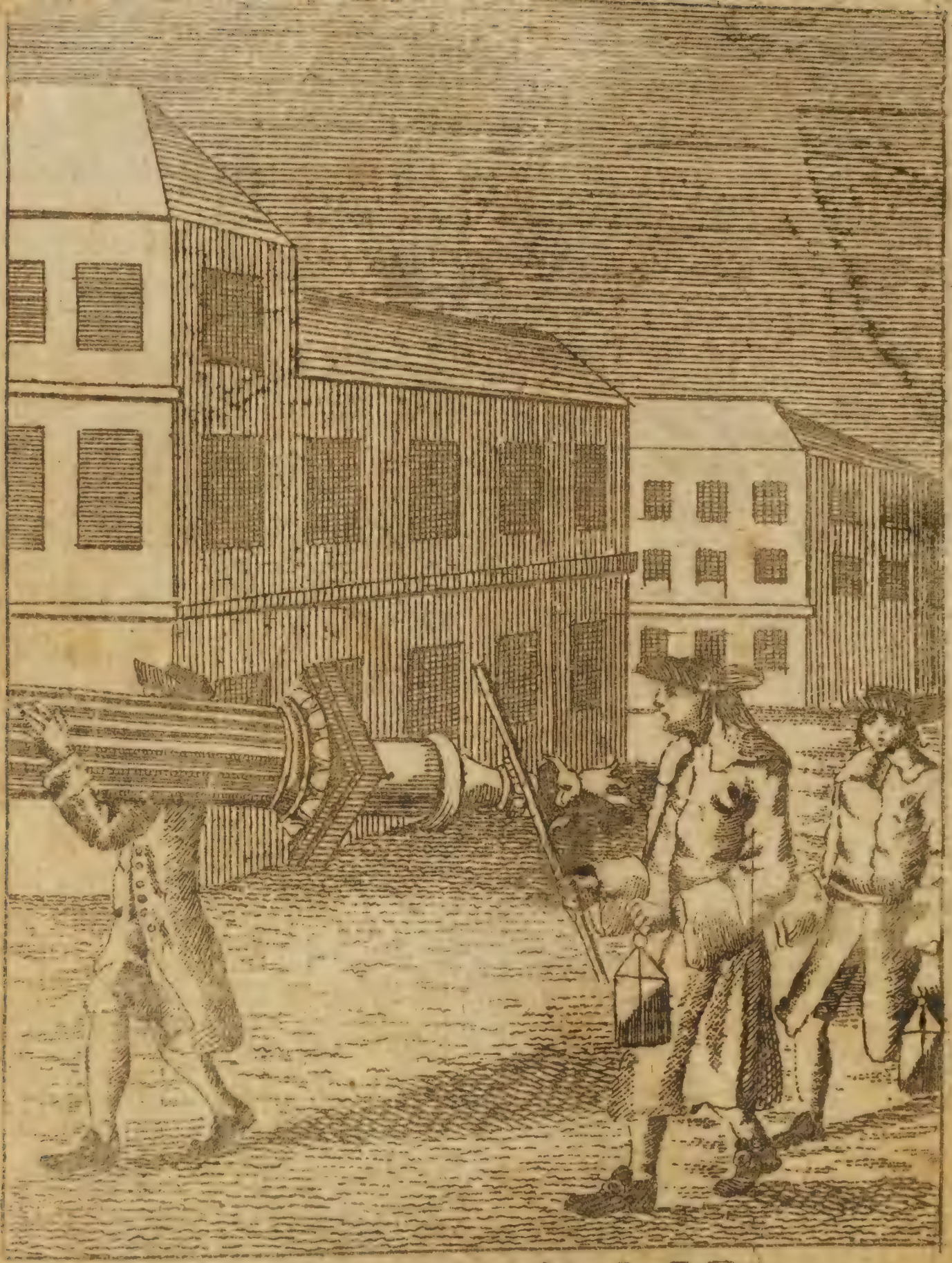
But, oh! what ſhameful ways are theſe!
Hence infancy grows bold;
Wiſdom has better means to pleaſe,
Or elſe I'm falſely told.

How many parents ſhed a tear,
Whoſe daughters have been there;
The virtuous mind is ſhock'd to hear
The mention of a *Fair*.

That *Doll* was once a *Miſs*, not good,
Who long'd too ſoon to marry;
And ſo the *Fairies* made her wood,
A crying child to carry.

M O R A L.

Each pretty miſs ſhou'd pleaſure have,
'Twas ſo in earlieſt time;
But bad are thoſe who pleaſures crave,
Which prudence deems a crime.



A Man running away with the Monument

TALE XI.

A Man running away with the Monument.

AMBITION is a glorious plan,
I mean if reaſon bind it;
But 'tis not ſo in ev'ry man,
As you and I may find it.

From noble views our fortune ſprings,
But 'tis in juſt degree,
That peaſants never ſhall be kings,
But know humility.

A certain fooliſh king of France,
As hiſtories reveal,
To London ſent this man a dance,
The *Monument* to ſteal.

You'll aſk, how ruſh'd into his head,
A ſcheme ſo ſtrange and wild?
To make a coral, as 'tis ſaid,
To pleaſe a fav'rite child.

Aye, thought this man, who he employ'd
To do this wond'rous taſk:
I now ſhall roll in pomp and pride,
And have all things I aſk:

And ſo, all on a gloomy night,
Tho' ſome aver 'twas day,
He took it on his back, by ſlight,
And with it ran away.

MORAL.

In idle tales no faith repoſe,
And be not too ambitious;
For fortune to ſuch fools as thoſe
Will never be propitious.

A Deer shooting at a Game Keeper

TALE XII.

A Deer ſhooting at a Game-keeper.

A NOBLEMAN who us'd to chace
The fox, the hare, the roe,
Took great delight their ſteps to trace
In dreary froſt and ſnow.

He lov'd his tenants :---ev'ry one
Was welcome to his table;
He bade his ſteward not to dun
All ſuch as were unable:

Unable then to pay their rent,
They at his board were free;
His ſervants liv'd in full content,
And happily liv'd he.

But ſervants will their lord tranſgreſs,
Alack, ah well-a-day!
His favour made them, more or leſs,
In Folly's path to ſtray.

A game-keeper he needs muſt keep,
As ſuited to his ſtation;
Yet this ſame man could never ſleep
Without ſome devaſtation:

He many a buck would kill at night,
For a penurious whim;
At length 'twas doom'd, a buck of might,
Shou'd, for the herd, kill him.

MORAL.

Never diſgrace the truſt repos'd;
For ſoon or late you'll find
Your villainy muſt be diſclos'd,
And ſpurn'd by all mankind.

A Cuſtomer turned Landlord ſcoring his former Impoſer on his Back

TALE XIII.

A Cuſtomer turned Landlord, ſcoring his former Impoſer on his Back.

HOW many *public houſes* are
In country and in London;
In uſing which ſome well may fare,
And others may be undone.

'Tis really laughable enough,
To ſee in ev'ry ſtreet,
The ſigns which victuallers hang for puff,
Their cuſtomers to greet.

One puts up *Wilkes*, and thinks 'twill pleaſe;
Another has Lord *Bute*;
And many various oddities,
As beſt their fancies ſuit.

But, ah! how ſimple working men
To alehouſes will run!
There tipple---ſlight their work---and then
Their family's undone.

This publican was one of thoſe
Who deal in *Marlborough* chalk;
He us'd to game---get drunk---impoſe,
And *cunningly* wou'd talk.

From this, 'tis eaſy to infer,
His trade at length grew ſlack---
That man, who was his cuſtomer,
Now ſcores him on his back.

MORAL.

In ev'ry ſtate of life, take care,
Whate'er you are diſpos'd on,
To trick no one---nor ever dare
T' impoſe---or be impos'd on.

A Servant Maid turned Mistres her former Mistres drudging in the Kitchen

TALE XIV.

A Servant Maid turned Miſtreſs; her former Miſtreſs drudging in the Kitchen.

SO hazardous is ev'ry ſtate
On life's precarious ſtage;
We can't foreſee th' events of fate,
In either youth or age.

How careful ev'ry one ſhould be,
A caution much neglected,
To act, that in adverſity,
They mayn't be diſreſpected.

A lord, to-day, a mighty man,
Who never dreamt of ſorrow,
Howe'er in life he draws his plan,
May be a ſlave to-morrow.

By arbitrary means, we ne'er
Gain love from our inferiors;
Then juſtly let us act, for fear
They ſhould be our ſuperiors.

The woman drudging in that place;
(Obſerve the print beſide)
Was one of thoſe that catch diſgrace,
And bait the hook with pride.

The maid who us'd to watch her call,
And at her back was ready,
By her imprudence, and downfall,
Is now become her lady.

MORAL.

Ye fair-ones ne'er be arrogant;
Be of this tale obſervant;
Misfortune may your bliſs tranſplant,
And each become a ſervant.

The Wife acting the Soldier the Husband spin-
ning and nursing the Child

TALE XV.

The Wife acting the Soldier; the Husband spinning and nursing the Child.

THE God of nature, ever kind,
Bestow'd on all his creatures
A diff'rent form, a diff'rent mind,
That suited to their natures.

To man he gave the martial heart,
And fortitude of soul;
To woman ev'ry gentler art,
His roughness to controul:

The sexes thus by sympathy,
Are each to each allied;
He to protect the fair, and *she*
To own him as her guide.

By minding this, each married pair
Are happy during life;
The greateſt bliſs a man can ſhare,
Is fix'd in ſuch a wife:

But when they take a diff'rent way,
And ſhe turns out a ſhrew;
And man her will muſt needs obey,
As ſimple huſbands do:

Then mis'ry ſure on ſuch attends,
And prompts the world to joke,
Which frequently too, never ends,
'Till death's tyrannic ſtroke.

M O R A L.

Hence learn your ſep'rate paths to keep,
And live by reaſon's rules;
For cenſure ſeldom is aſleep,
And all muſt laugh at fools.

An Hare roasting a Cook, & a Cock basting him

TALE XVI.

An Hare roaſting a Cook, and a Cock baſting him.

SOON as Aurora beams her ray,
From ſloth the huntſmen riſe;
The horns, the hounds ſalute the day,
And joy awakes the ſkies.

The timid hare her form forſakes,
And dreads the diſtant ſhout;
The fox a diff'rent method takes,
And ſlily ſkulks about.

Each creature is by inſtinct taught,
Its certain foes to ſhun;
But man, tho' bleſs'd with ſenſe and thought,
Will into ruin run.

In fighting cocks ſome take delight,
A cruel ſport indeed;
How ſhocking to the human ſight
To ſee the guiltleſs bleed.

Survey a cock-pit---hark what roar!
What horrid oaths reſound;
Here's ten to one!---there's five to four!
An orange to a pound.

How many perſons are undone,
Who on ſuch ſports attend!
Tho' for a while they think it fun,
Deſtruction's in the end.

MORAL.

If fortune ſmile, her favours prize,
Nor let your wealth be waſted;
Or like the cook, before your eyes,
You'll by the world be baſted.

Fishes turned Birds, and the Sportsmen hunting in the Water

TALE XVII.

The Fiſh turned Birds, and the Sportſmen hunting in the Water.

FROM diſcontentedneſs of mind
What various ill ariſes!
And all that ſearch will ſurely find
In life more blanks than prizes.

There needs no philoſophic aid
To tell why things are thus;
We all for happineſs were made,
And happineſs for us.

This frowardneſs is not confin'd
Alone to human nature,
But birds, beaſts, fiſh, of ev'ry kind
Give ample cauſe for ſatire.

That partridge ſcorn'd the covey'd field,
'Cauſe other birds cou'd ſwim;
To geeſe and ducks he'd never yield,
No; water too for him.

Thoſe fiſh forſook their element
To try an airy motion;
The hare and hound were not content,
But needs muſt wade the ocean.

The huntſmen and the courſers too,
Great nature's law confounded;
And, while ambition was their view,
They all were juſtly drowned.

M O R A L.

Never attempt to quit your ſphere,
Nor prompt the world to laughter,
'Twill end in ruin while you're here,
And may perhaps hereafter.

An Ass driving the Miller to Market, and the Mill turned topsy-turvy

TALE XVIII.

An Aſs driving the Miller to market, and the Mill turned topſy-turvy.

A MILLER once, a crafty blade,
In grinding took delight;
So diligent was he in trade,
His mill went day and night.

That this was induſtry 'tis plain,
And worthy to be ſure;
But not content with grinding grain,
He needs muſt grind the poor.

The corn that rotted in the mead,
Or what by floods was ſpoil'd,
He'd ſwear was flour quite good indeed,
So ignorance beguil'd.

At length his villainy was ſeen,
His tricks were all found out,
For heav'n won't long the guilty ſcreen,
But puniſh them no doubt.

So for the future none wou'd deal
With one ſo bad and ſcurvy;
The wicked whirligig, his mill,
Was turn'd quite topſy-turvy.

The very Aſs he us'd to drive,
A Miller turn'd to vex him;
And he that wou'd by roguery thrive,
Will find e'en beaſts perplex him.

MORAL.

A mod'rate profit all ſhou'd have;
'Tis nothing more than right;
But who thro' av'rice more will crave,
Get certain ruin by't.

A Fish angling for a Man, an Apple Tree bearing Fish
one of which [illegible] on an Eagle and a Lamb attack
ing a Lyon

TALE XIX.

A Fiſh angling for a Man; an Apple-tree bearing Fiſh, one of which ſeizes on an Eagle, and a Lamb attacking a Lion.

THAT Fiſhermen will bob for fiſh,
Is nothing more than true;
They often make a dainty diſh,
And pleaſe both me and you.

But that the Fiſh for men ſhou'd watch,
Is ſomewhat ſtrange, I own;
To ſee a Lamb a Lion catch,
Is what's but ſeldom known.

To ſee a Fiſh an Eagle ſeize,
And others grow on branches,
Upon my word, ſuch things as theſe,
Out-do our odd romances.

The Lion's reckon'd bold and brave,
And of a gen'rous nature;
Yet notwithſtanding food muſt have,
Like ev'ry other creature.

'Tis hunger makes him prowl for prey,
On all alive he falls;
For hunger, as the proverbs ſay,
"Will break through ſtony walls."

His ravage often thin'd the fold:
At length by Jove's permiſſion,
A lamb was taught to be as bold,
And end his exhibition.

MORAL.

Tho' you're more powerful than ſome,
In reaſon never ſport;
A ſudden change of things may come,
And make you ſorry for't.

An Ox driving the Farmers at Plough

TALE XX.

An Ox driving the Farmers at Plough.

TWO Husbandmen, some years ago,
In partnership delighted;
They till'd the ground, and doing so,
By profit were united:

At hoe, at harrow, or at plough,
No farmers more expert;
They drain'd the fields of many a slough,
And money got by dirt.

Why money's dirt, pray is it not?
Methinks I hear you say;
It is, but if such dirt's not got,
A-lack! a well-a-day!

No pudding on the board would ſmoak,
No apple-pye be eating;
Nor taylor make a coat, or cloak,
For us to walk the ſtreet in.

By induſtry we all muſt thrive;
'Tis money, well we know,
That only keeps the world alive,
And "makes the mare to go."

But who have others wealth conſum'd,
And in this world ſurvive 'em,
For all ſuch actions ſhou'd be doom'd,
To have an Ox to drive 'em.

MORAL.

A medium way is beſt, we're told;
For who're too fond of gain,
Oft' for their eager thirſt for gold,
Meet miſery and pain.

An old ſick Miſer giving Alms

TALE XXI.

An old ſick Miſer giving Alms.

TO gather riches from our birth,
We all are taught to ſtrive;
And 'tis the greateſt curſe on earth
To *live*, and not to thrive.

But *living*'s an improper word;
Behold the *Poor* beneath!
To ſay they *live* wou'd be abſurd;
They may be ſaid to *breathe*:

And yet, where *Poverty* is ſeen,
We often may obſerve
The cheerful ſmile, the placid mien,
In thoſe we think wou'd ſtarve:

This is of induſtry the lot;
Oft' happineſs ſupports
The indigency in a cot,
That ne'er appears in courts.

But ſome for gold ſuch fondneſs ſhew
That Plutus is their god;
Hence are th' unfortunate and low
Subjected to their rod.

This *Miſer* was of ſuch a ſtamp,
And on diſtreſs would prey;
But now he finds he muſt decamp,
He gives his droſs away.

M O R A L.

To help the poor be always free,
If wealth be to you given:
Penurious *Death-Bed* charity
Won't bribe the gates of *Heaven*.

A Coach and Six, and a Gentleman riding behind in the Capacity of a Footman

TALE XXII.

A Coach and six, and a Gentleman riding behind in the Character of a Footman.

A Certain man, through fortune's smiles,
Obtain'd a vast estate,
And not by any tricks or wiles,
But he was fortunate.

One year a near relation dy'd,
By whose demise he got
A valuable horse to ride,
A leasehold, and what not?

The following year death took away,
A very distant cousin,
Who more bequeath'd him---now huzza!
One nag! I'll have a dozen.

In all the pride of pomp and ſtate
His equipage he kept;
Too much he copy'd from the great,
And like a king he ſlept.

Profuſion wanton'd on his board;
All delicacies join'd,
Whate'er the ſeaſons cou'd afford,
To gratify his mind.

His large eſtate with great reproach,
He ſoon ran out,---oh ſin!
And now he rides behind that coach
He us'd to ride within.

M O R A L.

All profligates that take this way,
At laſt meet grief and ſorrow;
So learn by this to live to-day,
As you wou'd live to-morrow.

An Ass singing in an Orchestra, one playing on the Organ, and another on a Fiddle several Asses making up the Audience

TALE XXIII.

An Aſs ſinging in an Orcheſtra; one playing on the Organ, another on a Fiddle; ſeveral Aſſes making up the Audience.

MUSIC, angelic ſcience, hail!
Thou charm'ſt the great Creator;
O'er rage, o'er envy canſt prevail,
And modulate our nature.

How pleaſing 'tis to hear the voice
Of Brent, of Beard, or Lowe;
It makes our very ſouls rejoice,
And gives us heav'n below.

But when Italia's ſons begin,
I diſapprove the plan;
I cannot bear an eunuch's din;
For I'm an Engliſh man.

A mighty pretty race they are!
Ye Britons, ſcorn ſuch tools!
Who pick your pockets, ſquall and ſtare,
Then laugh at you for fools:

Nay even to your very face,
(So few their jargon know)
In ſing-ſong nonſenſe they diſgrace
Your very country too.

The fates this vagrant thought to trim,
While aſſes cry'd *encore*;
But left the puniſhment to him----
He was an aſs before.

M O R A L.

Ye parents, for your children's good
Build on a proper baſis;
Obſerve their genius, as you ſhou'd,
Or you'll, like them, be *aſſes*.

The London Prentice between two Lions with an Hand in each Mouth.

TALE XXIV.

The London 'Prentice between two Lions, with an Hand in each Mouth.

A 'Prentice many years ago,
As old traditions tell,
Was very fond his work to do,
And lik'd his maſter well.

But comfort to the human mind,
Is of precarious ſtay;
For fortune's fickle as the wind,
And will have her *own* way.

It chanc'd, the maſter of this lad,
Some property had loſt;
Which made him like in Bedlam, mad;—
As certainly it muſt.

For this, to Turky's barb'rous coaſt
The guiltleſs boy was ſent ;
Where Chriſtians of their faith can't boaſt.
Without ſevere torment.

Two furious beaſts on him they ſet,
His principles to rout ;
Which he with heav'nly courage met,
And both their hearts tore out.

His maſter finding what he'ad loſt,
Through juſtice, and with pleaſure,
Obtain'd a pardon at his coſt,
And got him home to Cheſhire.

M O R A L.

Let innocence ſupport your mind,
Bid wicked men defiance ;
And in the run of time you'll find
That you can conquer *Lions*.

A Lawyer turned Client

TALE XXV.

A Lawyer turned Client.

FOR ever ſacred be the law !
How glorious is the plan !
That wicked people keeps in awe,
And props the rights of man.

Next to the laws of heav'n's high King,
We ought to underſtand
The various benefits that ſpring
From thoſe of our *own* land.

Cou'd we our property retain ?
Cou'd we ſleep ſafe in bed ?
Were ev'ry rogue that thirſts for gain,
Not penal pow'r to dread ?

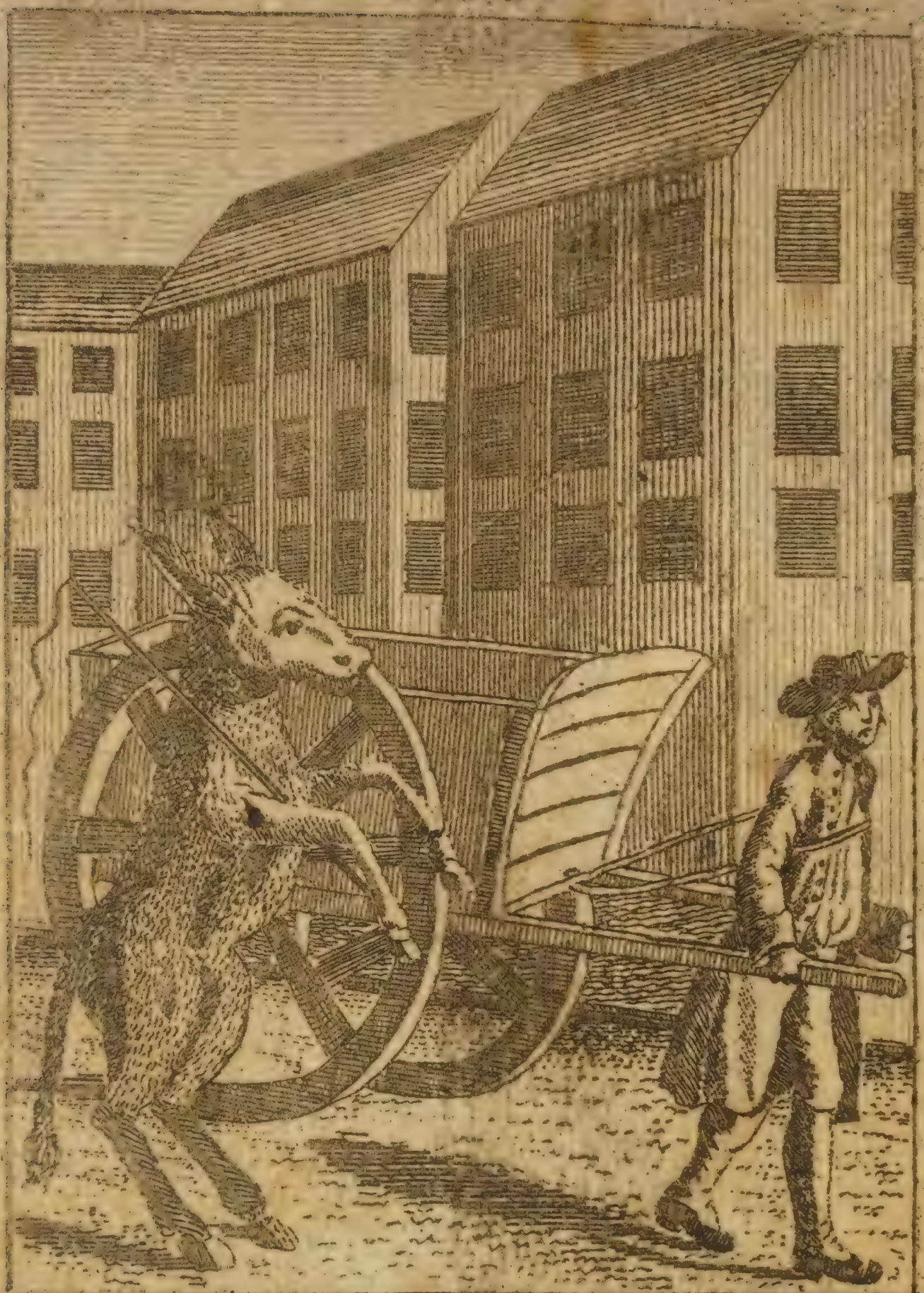
And yet a petty-fogging crew,
Who honour's cauſe forſake,
Will *follow law* ;—aye, ſo they do,
But can't the law *o'ertake.*

That wretch above, by fate's decrees,
Was one of thoſe *ſweet* elves
Who fleece the poor, take double fees,
And only ſerve themſelves :

For which he's now a *client* turn'd,
As ſhou'd his knaviſh brothers ;
And out of company be ſpurn'd,
To feel the pain of others.

M O R A L.

Avoid a *ſuit*, whate'er you do,
For ſhou'd you once get in it,
'Tis ten to one but I or you
Muſt *loſe*, altho' we *win* it.



A Sand-man drawing a Sand-Cart a Jack-ass driving him

TALE XXVI.

A Sand-man drawing a Sand-cart, a Jack-ass driving him.

THE bounteous God of nature gave
All creatures for our uſe;
By our free will, to kill or ſave,
But never to abuſe.

The ox, bull, calf, lamb, hog, and cow,
And many another creature,
Are made for you and I; but how?
To ſatisfy our nature.

Their lives are innocently loſt;
And ev'ry greedy glutton,
And epicure, at their dear coſt,
Eats beef, veal, pork, and mutton.

How cruel I've at Smithfield ſeen,
Upon a market day,
Theſe creatures ſerv'd ! by brutes of men,
More beaſts by half than they.

But ſure of ev'ry animal
That nature ever fram'd,
The ſimple aſs fares worſt of all :----
Ye Chriſtians be aſham'd !

Survey the aſs !---behold the croſs !
This creature bore your Saviour ;
And ſand-men will be at a loſs
To anſwer their behaviour.

M O R A L.

No act of cruelty can thrive ;
It quite diſpleaſes Heaven :---
That man, who us'd an aſs to drive,
Now by an aſs is driven.

Old Women ground Young

TALE XXVII.

Old Women ground young.

WHEN Kitty gains her ſixteenth year,
And beaus around her throng;
This ſooths with vanity her ear,
And that allures with ſong.

Thick as the bees inveſt the hive,
The fair-one they're purſuing;
With honour ſome; while others ſtrive
To gain their wiſh by ruin.

Let ev'ry virtuous maid take care,
Nor fling her heart away;
For fear of ſome inſidious ſnare,
If ſo,---*ah well a day.*

But to a youth of ſenſe and worth,
Whoſe merits well are known,
Give not an idle moment birth,
But take him for your own.

Behold thoſe women in the print!
How fooliſh each appears!
They ne'er would take this friendly hint,
And now are *ninety years.*

This miller boaſts a pretty trade;
"I'll be fifteen, not more:"
Thinking to take the offers made
So many years before.

MORAL.

Think *Youth* and *Maid!* this tale upon;
The moral's good and plain;
When once kind Fortune's moment's gone,
'Twill ne'er return again.

The Fool of Fashion

TALE XXVIII.

The Fool of Faſhion.

FROM Hyde-park corner to the 'Change,
What oddities we ſee!
Some folks from dreſs to dreſs will range,
And follow novelty:

Not only follow, but make known
Such modes as make us ſtare;
Nor is this vice in men alone,
But rages in the fair.

Oh, how abſurd their head-dreſs is!
Why hide a lovely face?
Pity indeed ſuch whims as theſe,
Shou'd beauty's form diſgrace!

This fop, ſo open to our jokes,
So vacant in his mind,
Won't wear his cloaths like other folks,
They button muſt behind:

The park, the op'ra, ball and play,
He'll in this dreſs be at;
Nor thinks that wiſer people ſay,
" 'Tis laughter makes us fat:"

But puff'd with affectation's tricks,
A dupe to his own whim,
Can't clearly ſee that either ſex,
Makes but a laugh at him.

MORAL.

Extremes of faſhion ſtill avoid,
Leſt virtue ſlip her clue;
Which aping ſuch has oft deſtroy'd
In male and female too.

The Gight turned Baby, playing with a Rattle

TALE XXX.

A Giant turned Baby, playing with a Rattle.

TO one-and-twenty when arriv'd,
As wiſeſt perſons tell,
Our childiſh follies we've ſurviv'd,
And things go on for well:

A ſacred writer tells us, "when
"A boy he'd boys purſue;
"But when, attain'd to manhood, then
"Off childiſh tricks he threw."

Happy, wou'd all to this adhere!
How laudable the plan!
But, ah, too many boys appear
In figure of a man!

For this, on Covent-garden ſtage,
This ſcene they introduce;
A leſſon both to youth and age,
And of important uſe.

How childiſhly that giant looks,
Who ſees him but muſt laugh?
The lads who're good and mind their books,
Are better men by half.

When old ones thus act infancy,
It gives a ſhock to nature:
And who too ſoon a man wou'd be,
Thro' life meets nought but ſatire.

M O R A L.

In youth then ſtudy every day
To ſpare your parents tears;
And act conſiſtent, ev'ry way,
According to your years.

The Earth above the Heaven below

CONCLUSION.

CONSIDER, gentle readers, pray,
The awful laſt tremendous day!
When all "the glorious orbs on high,
"And all the blue etherial ſky,
"Shall be diſſolv'd," to atoms hurl'd,
And final darkneſs cloſe the *world*.
Oh, learn in moral paths to tread,
And heav'n's ſevere inflictions dread:
No thought, no act, no idle word,
But God Almighty will record;
And tho' you here your books neglect,
Yet *His* can ne'er be incorrect.
How careful then ought we to be,
To fit us for eternity;
To be for ever on our guard,
And gain for virtue its reward.
The good ſupremely bleſt ſhall riſe,
And mount on angel wings the ſkies:
The bad, oh truth of horrid woe!
Shall to the infernal regions go.

[illegible]

How weak the pow'r [illegible]hp and ſtate,
To combat with impend[illegible]ate:
The king, the beggar, bo[illegible]uſt die,
And moulder in obſcurity.
Let then due attention [illegible]ive,
That after death they ſtill [illegible] *live*;
And [illegible] th' immor[illegible]l crown,
Before [illegible] WORLD'S TURN [illegible] UPSIDE DOWN.

[illegible] D.

****

[illegible]OK'S to be Sold by
[illegible] COMPANY, at
[illegible]he Treaſurer's Office,
[illegible]given for Clean Cot-